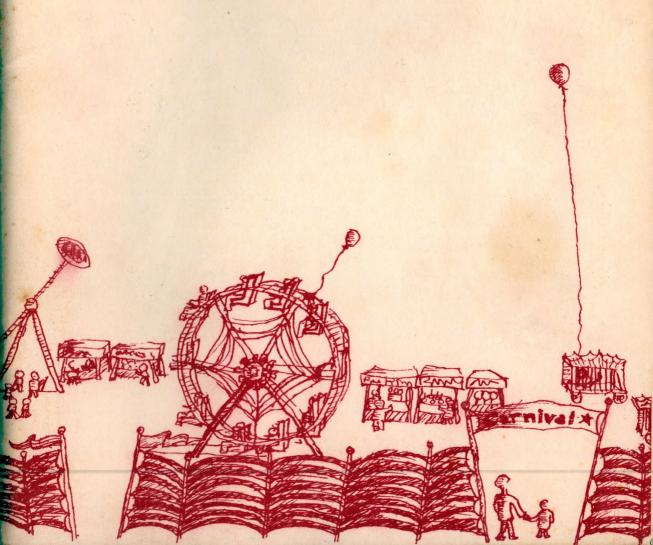
# THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume LI

**MAY 1967** 

Number 4



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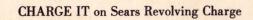
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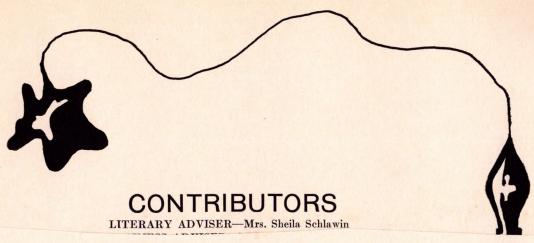
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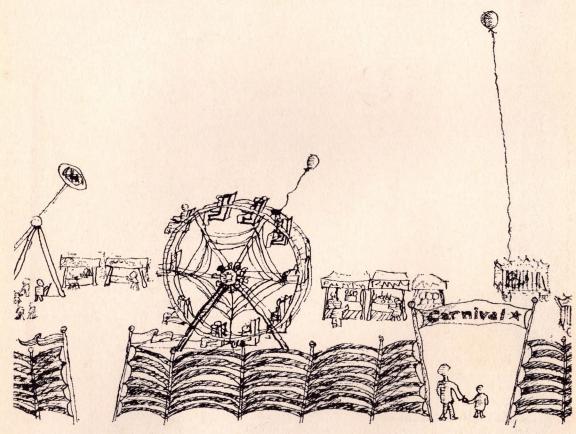


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MAY 1967

### THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

CONCERN was recently expressed about the fact that fewer students were meeting the requirements of the Pittsfield High School honor roll. The Student Council, which has already proved to be quite ambitious, undertook a search for a solution to this problem. In their investigation they sought information about membership in the National Honor Society. The data received offers very convincing evidence in favor of the establishment of a chapter at P.H.S.

The National Honor Society is an agency sponsored by the National Association of Secondary School Principals. There are chapters of the Honor Society in over eleven thousand high schools throughout the country, and new chapters have been forming at the rate of about a thousand a year. The objectives of the society are "to create an enthusiasm for scholarship, to stimulate a desire to render service, to promote worthy leadership, and to encourage the development of character in all students."

While the national organization provides a model constitution, each school is given the prerogative to modify various provisions as long as the results are in keeping with the aims of the National Honor Society. Thus, the suggested minimum academic average of 85% may be raised at Pittsfield High to 90%. This would allow for a closer relationship to the present honor roll requirements. It would seem that such a system, which employs overall percentage as a criterion, would be most logical. Present standards call for a mark of A in four major subjects and B in the other. It is conceivable for a student to have an average above 90 without being named to the honor roll. A new system would aid such a student.

The benefits of instituting a National Honor Society chapter are very convincing. Such a chapter would serve to recognize outstanding youth, and "to stimulate respect for scholarship and constructive, responsible work." Because the honor society is organized on a national scale, its membership carries high prestige and acceptance throughout the world. The provision that students maintain the high standards under which they gained membership assures consistent effort. Furthermore, the National Honor Society has administered a program of college scholarships to help promising youth continue their education.

One feature of the selection process that is especially worthy of note is the requirement for leadership, service and character. Worthiness under these categories would be determined by a member of the faculty. It can be readily seen from these prerequisites that the Honor Society is concerned not only with the quality of a student's school work, but with the quality of his person.

Membership in the National Honor Society is certainly something that deserves thoughtful consideration by both the students and faculty at P.H.S. It would help to eliminate the lack of enthusiasm of students to attain scholastic and personal excellence.

It is difficult to understand why membership in this organization was not procured in the past. There is no reason why membership should not be gained in the future.

### THE MAGIC LIFE

By Edward Karam, '67

THE CIRCUS seldom came to small ▲ Midwestern towns in the 1890's, but when it did, the people, rustic, tanned, drawling, turned out in droves. The women wore their Sunday finery, long, bustled dresses, and the men wore either a suit or good working clothes, depending on whether the man was an inhabitant of the town or a farmer. The children were allowed to come barefoot, in frayed dungarees and faded shirts, but their hair was slick and pomaded and smelling of sweet lotions. There was a youngster fitting this description (as all the youngsters did) who milled with the crowd and seemed to be with no one in particular.

The boy wandered through the concession area savoring the redolent treats: the warm odor of roasting chestnuts, the dry, salty smell of popped corn and melted butter, the sugary odor of hot sticky taffy. He watched concessionaires cutting slices of pink, wet matermelon and he wanted some because the day was hot. But he changed his mind when he saw most of the youngsters yanking on sticks of black licorice.

As he moved away from the concessions, he became aware of the big calliope wheezing out a melody and of the loud cries and shrieks of the beasts on another part of the grounds. For a while he watched the barkers attracting prospects to freak shows; they were tall men in striped coats with handlebar moustaches, or short, pudgy men in shirt sleeves with sweaty, bald heads. He also watched the crowd, the simple country people amazed at the sights and sounds of the circus. Here was a gay, gaudy life! Here he could find something to do every minute. It was a wonderful new



life unfolding before him, and soon it might be gone; he might never see these people again. He thought of running away from his aunt and uncle who took care of him; he could find someone here to adopt him. Again he stared at the crowd. Why stay with his guardians? All they wanted him for was to do chores, to pitch hay, carry water, and feed the animals.

He went in the tent to see the freaks—the bearded lady whose beard wasn't real and the fat lady who stuffed pillows in her bodice, and all the other fakes. He was confident now; he would run away tonight. His aunt and uncle would surely be at the show and after that he would hide and when everybody was gone he would just run off and never come back. That was how he would do it. Yes, sir.

He spent the rest of the day watching jugglers and gypsy fortune-tellers and clowns with mounds of cream on their faces. When night fell he ran away as he had planned, far away from his aunt and uncle and the circus life, and he never went back.

### FERRIS WHEEL

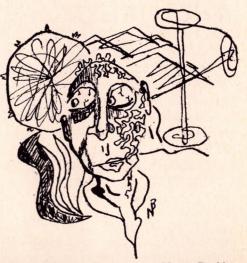
By Judy Quillard, '68

NOONE in that open stretch of sickly grass and brown dirt—Hunter's Park—noticed the blackness of the night. The glaring, multi-colored lights of the carnival subtracted from the darkness, but added to the oppressive heat.

The young man slipped behind a booth at the edge of the carnival and, panting, leaned back against the wall. With a grubby shirt sleeve, he rubbed the sweat off his forehead. Closing his cold, green eyes a moment, he relaxed; the harsh, haunted look of his face melted into utter weariness. Opening his eyes, he found himself once again staring at metal fence—nine feet high and barbedwire at the top. But then, he'd expected it to be there—it was everywhere else.

Although the sight was hidden, the sound and smell of the carnival reached him. The loud babble of hundreds of voices and the creaky protesting of the motors of rusty rides made the thudding of his heart inaudible. The smell of popcorn, cotton candy, dirty animals, and hot people could not disguise the smell of fear.

There was only one way out of here—the gates, the gates with their guards. He cautiously stuck his dark head around a corner of the booth. Then he rejoined the throng of people and strolled by the speeding merry-go-round and past a booth of chance filled with stuffed animals—stuffed like all the cops, judges, and wardens he'd ever known. As he watched the people lay down their dimes and the barker spin the wheel, he glanced over his shoulder and saw one of them. And then one of them saw him. He turned quickly and pushed his way through the crowds under those bright,



Nancy Bookless

glaring lights. He paused a moment near the fortune-teller's faded tent; a blue uniform standing in front of it saw him. Turning, the young man ran in the other direction, while the policeman blew a shrill whistle and started after him. The next thing he realized, he was in a line of people. Another cop was close by, but the back of his clean, blue uniform was toward the young man. He stooped slightly and, keeping his face down, shuffled along in the line and bought a ticket. The Ferris wheel, a rusty, red, round monster, was just ahead, and just behind were the police.

This was his first ride on a Ferris wheel—reform schools never had them. The effect was exhilarating. As his seat approached the top of the wheel, he noticed how huge and black the sky was and how fast the heat was leaving the earth. Looking down at the ground, he saw a mass of tiny people and a ring of cops with upturned faces around the Ferris wheel. One cop was gesticulating wildly to the old man who ran the Ferris wheel. Suddenly he understood that they were going to stop the ride when he

reached ground. Clenching his fists, he swore bitterly, but no one heard him. His rusty seat was at the top of the Ferris wheel now; he stood up—a thin figure outlined against a black sky. Way down below on the dusty ground, the policemen drew their guns. But the guns weren't needed. He left the Ferris wheel and threw himself to the mercy of the police.

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# MAN OR MACHINE?

By Anne Wetzel, '67

THE PROBLEM is not with the machine; it is with the man who allows himself to become mechanical. The Industrial Revolution brought about what is perhaps the greatest change our world has yet seen. Man stopped tilling the soil and went to work in factories. He moved from rural to urban areas in order to be closer to the factories which housed those miraculous, mechanical marvels machines. Technological developments. automation, mass production and assembly lines all helped create more, bigger, better, faster, more efficient machines. Marvelous, metallic machines changed the world.

Men went to work in mines to mine minerals that made metals to create the machines which produced the materials to make the minute parts of the machines which make more machines. Everyone marveled at the marvelous, meticulous machine. Machines modernized our mode of life as is most clearly manifested by the modern computers which mimic and minimize the human mind. Manufacturing by machine is a magnificent invention of the mind of man. Mass production, mass markets, mass machinery all mark our modern life. Machines are marvelous, meticulous, and miraculous. Machines are MONOTONOUS.

Machines perform one function over and over again; they are not versatile; they have no mind, no self-will, no imagination. A log goes into one end of a series of machines and comes out the other end as paper, perhaps even paper for money. Machines perform wonderful functions, indispensable to the needs of modern people, but machines are not men, and more important, men are not machines. Men, unlike machines, have an endless number of functions, physical and mental, explored and unexplored.

Now that mankind has improved his own world with industrialization, he must be most careful not to become one of his own machines. He must continue to develop and expand his capabilities and not to fall into a monotonous, mechanical groove. Memory, mentality, and imagination distinguish the man from the machine.

Mr. T. W. Winthrop is a very modern American man. Monday through Friday his alarm sounds at 6:50 A.M. Cheerios and black coffee are his morning breakfast-except Sundays when he substitutes a soft-boiled egg and toast. From 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.—with an hour, of course, for lunch—he pushes successively the red, green, and blue buttons which stop, cap, and start, respectively. the bottles on the assembly line in the Coca-Cola plant where he works. Mr. Winthrop's Saturday mornings are especially interesting since this is when he does the family errands. But the Super-Super-Duper Bowl football game starts at 12:00 noon, and he rushes home to tune-up the TV. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop are going out this Saturday evening for dinner and bridge, but they're going to miss Saturday Night at the Movies and Mrs. Winthrop detests bridge, so the evening is a necessity rather than a pleasure. Sunday morning the Winthrops go to church. They must attend an early service because Arnold Palmer is in a big golf match on CBS. At seven o'clock on Sunday night Mr. Winthrop reminds the children that it's bath time,

but the Walt Disney Show doesn't end until 8:30 so he must give in—after all who watches only half a TV program? When the children are finally in bed on Sunday night Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop have their once-a-week nightcap and Mr. Winthrop gets his clothes ready for the next morning. What an exciting week!!! Advise and Consent remains unopened on the night stand next to a half-written letter to the Editor commenting on last month's city council meeting. But these things can wait; Mr. Winthrop snaps off the light.

But can they wait, Mr. Winthrop? Can we completely shelve our own individuality, ingenuity, and ideals and succumb to the monotony of a mechanized life? Can man—does man dare—become like the machine he himself has created?

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### ATHENAEUM ANATHEMA

By James Fulginiti, '68

A BOUT ONCE in his lifetime, the student is faced with the chore of using the resources of the library, better known as the Athenaeum. I have used the wealth of information contained in books innumerable times (twice to be exact) in my career as a student. Whether it be the school or public library, or my own vast collection of Book Shelf rejects, I am inevitably faced with certain problems

To begin with, I'm always in for a disappointment when I start the research method. No matter how long I look or what sources I use, what I want is nowhere to be had. After spending an hour of work, I was crushed with the realization that the library did not have the recipe I desired—Kumquats Kock-a-Leekee with Marinade of Sow Belly, not to mention Braised Hominy Grits with Pickled Home Fries. Why isn't there as much material on these dishes as there is for subjects such as "The Nature of Tragedy," "Music in the Eighteenth Century," or "The Rise of Germany as a World Power"?

Another problem in using the library is the lack of organization and classification of books. Books on the same topic seem to be scattered throughout the shelves. I've devised a system whereby books could be categorized by subject. Books of a general nature would be assigned numbers from 000 to 099, philosophy from 100 to 199, religion from 200 to 299, and so forth. Why this hasn't occurred to anyone else until now is beyond me.

Lastly, there is the problem of the librarian in charge of books about the

care and handling of bare bodkins, who is desperately in love with me. Whether her name is Marian or Lithuanian, no matter where I go, there she is. If I'm looking up the yearly output of avocados in Greenland, she'll search the shelves and find me. If I'm meditating about the highly controversial Roget's Thesaurus in the Children's Room, she'll appear in a vision of loveliness, resembling a goddess of Grecian myths—Medusa, to be exact. Her words to me are always the same. In her melodic tone, likened to that of cardboard boxes being ripped, she utters, "Shaddup or get out!" Oh, how I swoon when the noise of her voice punctures my eardrums. After she catapults me through the entrance, I'm left with a feeling of disillusion, whether or not she really loves me. But then, you always hurt the one you love.

The library has a wealth of information on any topic. Used by persons who know how, the library is a vital tool of learning. The librarians are always eager and willing to help out. Even my Medusa—she's helped me out of the library many times.

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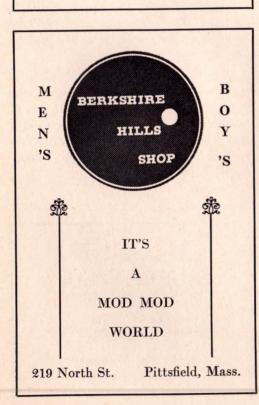
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Crying out for some diamonds and some moldy scraps of bread,

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To lay his head and contemplate and think

How he would talk the magistrate into buying him a mink,

And the latter, while filling his trusty pipe with Camelot

Goes off singing the blues and driving a chariot,

To a circus filled with jugglers and the clowns

Who make people laugh by wearing magenta-colored gowns.

A pachyderm then happens to wander by And presently falls on his back and heaves a pachyderm sigh.

For the fate that's bestowed on him he offers no thanks,

For the air that is dark and more often dark and dank;

But he continues to laugh at me out loud Until his actions draw curious people into a crowd.

And his friend, the flower pot, immediately jumps with glee

With the dying of his best friend, his enemy.

His voice is heavy and in his thoughts he loudly resounds

The feeling of all men who wear magenta-colored gowns.

A little while later there was needed a short rest

So they all went down to a joint they all detest

But we left in a hurry from the grand old place

While they still had a hand and the rest of my face;

But a cop just happened to be nearby.

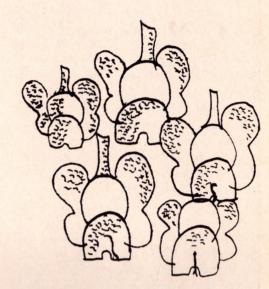
He took their money and turned them to the sky.

They suddenly took off after him on a run

When they realized he was an elephant having some fun.

The cop unknowingly ran into the madhouse of the Brown's

Just in time to see the burning of some magenta-colored gowns.



Amy Kaufman

As all of this was happening, I happened to spy

A camel and his rider making another try
At riding through the sand with the
speed of light

To see them going about it was quite a wild sight.

But an old lady didn't share my sense of taste:

She said such wasted energy was surely a waste,

But I smiled and politely told her she was insane.

She just scowled and then she hit me, hit me with her cane.

I naturally started rolling about the grounds

Then she knocked me out and took my magenta-colored gowns.

By P. E. Sheltry, '67

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### IDENTITY

By Susan Termohlen, '68

SHE FOUND it quite impossible to walk anywhere. Her feet were winged and she flew wherever she went. Only the tail end of her long, disheveled ponytail was ever seen as she kicked up clouds of dust behind her.

Tonight, the carnival two blocks away was starting. She loved it. It was noisy, gay and she could even see fireworks at night. Her mother let her go by herself because she could be trusted and there was never any trouble at the carnivals.

About six o'clock, with seventy-five cents in her pocket, she headed gaily for the carnival. She was going to meet a few friends there and wanted to look around by herself before they came. When she got there, it was just turning dark and the lights on the rides were on. She ran over the paths that had gone through fields only yesterday and now were divisions of a wonderland.

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Up in front of her was the old blind man from down the street who had gone on a walk through these fields for the past seven years. Nobody had talked to him since he got the chemical burn on his face so he had heard nothing about the carnival's coming. He was frantically turning, trying to get away from this horrible, chaotic noise. He thought he was going mad since he had walked this way many times and nothing had ever been there.

She saw him and her heart, seeping with compassion, was torn by the sight. She quickly ran over to him and held his hand. She wanted to help him around because she thought that he had come to enjoy the fun. "Come on, mister, I'll help ya. What ya lookin' for?"

"Go away! Don't want no kids laughing at me. Go on!" But she didn't. She knew he said that only because he felt silly on account of his funny face. She stayed with him and after a while, he began to ease a little and tried to talk to her. She found out why he had been so confused and felt sorry for him.

Finally, after about a half hour, she had to go to meet her friends. She had done in this short time what no other had done in several years. She had reached out her hand to the old man and he had responded to her goodness. He felt human again. As he stumbled away thrashing his hands about as his guide, she skipped merrily away to her friends.

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### DEDICATED TO PAUL

By Mary Blagdon, '68

"ONCE upon a time, there was . . . Good grief, Elinor! Is this what you call a story? Do you honestly think I can find enjoyment in trite phrasing, childish dialogue, and insipid plotting? What kind of imbecile do you think I am?"

Paul slammed the book closed and threw it to the floor. He stomped across to the window and stood looking out at a commonplace street scene. He was an intellectual; he had passed over the fairy tale stage years before and soon after, had passed Twain, Dickens and F. Scott Fitzgerald. They were childish now—Paul devoted his time to finding new intellectual horizons. So far he had not been successful. Anything he read now only restated what he considered learned already, and he had no patience with redundance.

"To read this rubbish, one would think you were mentally deficient—any intelligent educated adult wouldn't waste his time creating such junk. Fairy tales! I presume you were educated? If you were not, then I can understand your fairy tales and your giants and elves and princesses and dragons, but don't masquerade as a mature adult. But since I know that you were educated, I simply cannot see how you could stoop to such drivel!"

Paul had been educated at the best of schools and his parents had believed in progressive education. He had started school at age three and had had steady schooling for twenty-five years. He now held a master's degree in the history of literature and a doctorate in literature. He considered himself an authority on literature and believed that he could tell from the first if a piece of writing was worth reading.

Paul strode over to the book, picked it up off the floor and opened it again. He flipped open to the title page and then to the page after, where the dedication was. He frowned. He turned a few pages and read aloud:

"'The good prince, Amity, after a long and weary battle, slew the dragon, Enmity, and rescued the fair damsel, Virtue. Working together, Amity and Virtue succeeded in banishing all evil from the kingdom, and serenely they lived happily ever after.' Good Lord, Elinor! Such trash! Honestly! Don't you realize that life is not like that? Life is not composed of the good and the bad struggling, with the good always triumphing. Life, though you may not have noticed, is a very, very dirty business. You don't find men risking their lives, their money, their reputations to stand up to an obvious wrong. It would not be worth the effort; too little real satisfaction is involved. Wrongs cannot now nor ever will be corrected by goodness. The odds are so great: there is so much more evil than virtue. The odds are too great, Elinor. Life will never be a fairy tale for anyone; that 'Long and weary battle' is a sure victory for evil. The good man is a small man, so he is an inferior man. You are wrong, Elinor, to think that life is as simple and beautiful as a fairy tale. I'm sorry, Elinor, but the odds are too great."

Paul was so well-read in the philosophies, intricate and complicated, of Freud, Nietzche and similar others, that his mind tended to overlook the simple things of life. Of course, he did not mean to be harsh with Elinor, with his derision of her simplicity; he just considered that

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one who noticed the simpler and smaller things around him was a person of simpler intellect. It didn't occur to him that it took a keener mind to notice these details.

Elinor had been a simple woman, but she did possess a keen mind. In many respects she had surpassed Paul in intellect. The basis of her philosophy had been reducing complications to their parts in order to fully comprehend them. This philosophy had worked for most of her problems, but not for Paul. He had isolated himself from her from the very first, it seemed. He believed that there were intellectual barriers between them and that these barriers were insurmountable. But Elinor had known that the barriers were put up by Paul himself because he could not face the realities of life, and so steeped himself in other men's philosophies of life, ignoring his own life. She had hoped to break down these barriers and this isolation that surrounded him, but he only built them higher, and she could not reach him. At last, she had realized she would never come to understand him, and because she could not endure it any longer, she left him, and with him she had left a small book of fairy tales that she had written and inscribed:

#### DEDICATED TO PAUL:

May you come to know that a life full of love is beautiful, a life of simplicity is good.

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### BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH\*

By Jane Salata, '68

(Note: This essay should be read and taken seriously by most sophomores. Vocational, commercial, and general students may find it faintly amusing. Junior and senior college preparatory students, however, will probably think the subject matter, if not the entire essay, revolting, and had best forget the whole thing.)

OF COURSE, the day on which you take your College Boards is definitely not the type of day that would inspire anyone to take an examination. As if by some predestined code, the weather is sure to be either the greatest in the month for skiing, the beginning of the January thaw, or, as in my particular case, a perfectly beautiful March day with a robin's-egg-blue sky, the fastmelting snow trickling in sparkling rivulets across the sidewalks, and-worst of all—a warm, fresh, easterly wind that carries to your ears the summery sound of a motorbike, reminding you that it's all happening up on North Street and here you are facing . . . The Test. †

Reluctantly you enter the school. The first floor corridors are strangely and ominously empty; the yawning halls seem hollow-eyed and uneasily silent. But a babble of excited voices drifts from the second floor, and you follow it up the stairs . . .

Ah! People! That's much better. You derive an odd sort of consolation from the familiar act of elbowing and shoving your way through masses of people, even if the old 12:31 P.M. ritual usually takes place in the lobby instead of here on the second floor landing. It's almost like any regular school day, save for the vaguely unfamiliar feeling in the air that reminds you that your membership in that Bryn

Mawr sorority or the chance for your genius to bloom in Harvard hangs in the balance which you will tip, one way or the other, today.

I state here that the magnitude of this realization would stagger one's imagination. It would also sorely tempt one to rush back up to North Street. But, needless to say, one must be strong.‡

You are lined up against either side of the hall like prisoners of war in a concentration camp. Nervously you fidget with your admissions ticket, checking for perhaps the thousandth time to see if they spelled your name correctly, wishing that they'd give the test on a weekday so that the torture you're used to undergoing during tests wouldn't be mixed with such a ghastly, painful sense of self-sacrifice—but wait. Your line has begun to move. The hour of reckoning has arrived.

If you happen to be one of those people on whom Lady Luck seldom smiles, she will most certainly have encircled this date on her calendar and printed "FROWN" in big red letters over it. In this event, you will probably be at one end of a whole line of your friends and thus be assigned to a room where none of your group will be. Oh, of course you'll know a few of the others in the room, but not well enough to release your frustrations in a flood of tears in their presence. So there you sit, in a seat that is most likely too small for you and has a sharpedged screw that juts out just far enough to stab you in the leg every time you move.

\*also those of December, January, and May †to be read in a deep, resounding, intimidating voice ‡here take a deep breath and read on

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The teacher will probably be as compassionate as a teacher can be when sentenced to three hours of staring at the same faces without a break. He or she will hand out the forms and answer sheets with the lighthearted mein of a Las Vegas croupier and read the directions, which you've been hearing before city-wide tests and departmentals ever since the third grade. Only one phase of the pre-testing procedure differs from that which you are used to—you must break the seal.

The seal, regardless of what your English or Math teacher may tell you, is the most difficult part of the Scholastic Aptitude Test. You are directed to simply "break the seal, using the eraser end of your pencil." What the College Entrance Examination Board doesn't know is that, to do it according to the directions without crumpling and ripping the cover to a point almost beyond recognition, one must have the strength of a member of the varsity wrestling team and the luck of the Irish.

Once the seal is broken and the test begun, however, you have little to worry about. Naturally, if you are in honors English and level two Math you will get the test with three parts of math. And of course the last song that you heard on the radio before you came will run persistently through your head, but, unless it's a song that you abhor violently, you should manage to keep yourself under control sufficiently. Indeed, by the time you're up on North Street again you should be almost back to normal.

But do you think it was any sort of an accident that the first American school was founded in Boston on a Friday the thirteenth?

### JUST ONE MORE MONTH

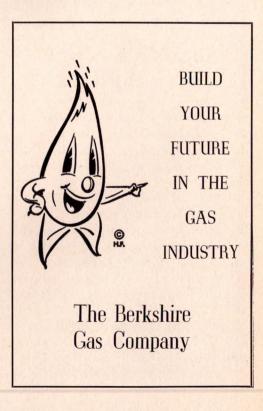
By Linda Eastland, '67

"JUST ONE more month until we graduate!" I heard a boy cry as I hurried to my next class. Just one more month? My heart froze. Just one month and the world outside would have me in her grasp, ready to mold me or destroy me as circumstances would allow. But where was I going? To college, yes. But why?

Never before has the idea overcome me that I was going out on my own. Pittsfield wasn't going to exist as my guardian anymore . . . she had completed her task and was compelling me to leave my nest to fly into a world of the *unknown*. How could I do it? Me, seventeen years old—attempting to become someone. I had been led throughout my youth by my parents and teachers, and now I must go forth and lead myself.

The things which I hated had suddenly become a delight to me; a life of worries became one of laughter. I began to realize that I was going to miss the fun I had had in Spanish class, the chronological sections of Mr. Coan's history tests, my complete ignorance in Solid Geometry, the surprise chemistry quizzes, the typing papers in which one mistake was an "F", and even the quotation guizzes on Hamlet. Each test, each class period suddenly became an enlightenment to my mind, for I began to cherish the things which I know I am going to lose soon. The cancer of time is incurable. For twelve years, without my care or notice, it has been devouring my childhood days of freedom and happiness. Now, these doors of youth are quickly closing and I am going to be locked outside of them soon. It will be then that I must face the world of reality

I began to realize that a portion of my soul will die as I choose my path of life, but memories of school days will bloom like fragrant flowers lighting up the often dreary road. Where am I going? To college. Why? To become someone who, within the next four years, will be placed in society. I know that I can arrive at my place in society only by leaving the past behind and looking ahead to a world in which my school memories will have become guideposts of delight.





#### **SPELLBINDER**

Some of the most fantastic things are discovered by accident. I discovered quite by accident a musical artist who took me out of this world. His name is Gabor Szabo, and if his name is way-out, his music is even more so. Szabo plays the guitar and creates a mood quite like none I have ever experienced. His art is music and his creation is mood.

Szabo uses an electric guitar but he doesn't rely on all the electrical equipment that so many modern musicians use. He creates by the use of the guitar alone. In his second album *Spellbinder* he relied on his feelings at the time of the recording and used most of the first tracks. Gabor feels that in order to express himself in his music his approach to a song must be completely emotional. "After all, music is, or should be, self-expression."

The opening of *Spellbinder* is one of four numbers Szabo composed himself. The other six songs are popular tunes in which Szabo improvises and comes up with a remarkably fresh approach.

Gabor Szabo is a jazz musician, but don't let the word jazz change your mind about the record. Listen to Szabo, you'll be amazed at the way he sets the mood and carries it through the entire album. Spellbinder is a totally new sensation.

By Thomas Kaufman, '68

#### GEORGY GIRL

In a society where the "Beatles are more popular than Jesus," the irresistibly chubby Lynn Redgrave bounces through her role as Georgy Girl with such wholesome hilarity that she allows an audience little time to question the ethics of the movie. Georgy Girl runs from scene to scene, seeking womanly love and finding only a sort of filial affection from her contemporaries. She can't conform because she is too unique, too honest, and too completely down to earth to be a hypocrite. However, because of her zany, nonconformist blunderings, her ability to find self-invented happiness, and her true zest for life. Georgy Girl rises above the lowly circumstances which surround her.

In her search for love, it becomes evident that Georgy Girl doesn't understand her own, completely unethical generation. For a time, she envies her beautiful, sexy roommate Meredith, and she attributes her own lack of appeal to a "fat face" and looking like "the back end of a bus." When Meredith becomes pregnant by Jos, their third roommate, motherly Georgy urges a marriage, anticipating the coming baby as if it were her own. The completely unmaternal Meredith then abandons her child, leaving Georgy a ready made family. Jos, excellently portrayed by Alan Bates, and Georgy have been in love for some time, but Georgy loves too much. She has a true and deep love for both the baby and Jos, who, knowing only his own type of superficial, sensual love, leaves them. With Jos's departure, Georgy loses all hope of communication between herself and her peers.

Georgy Girl, however, is much more complex than a loving, girlish-woman

who can't communicate with her own generation, for strangely enough, her own generation seems to be the only one Georgy doesn't understand. She understands the needs of the baby and the whole "spiritual" miracle of birth. She understands her dancing students and with them she is herself a child. But best of all, she understands the middle-age "set" of her father's employer. Throughout the movie, Georgy flirtatiously, teasingly, tantalizingly uses her irresistibly girlish appeal to get whatever she wishes from this drooling employer, played by James Mason. (Though while she uses him, she also cleverly avoids signing a contract to become his mistress.) All other major characters in Georgy Girl use Georgy, but she has James Mason wrapped around her little, pudgy finger.

An audience might well ask "How can the story of a blundering, fat-faced girl be a comedy?" and the answer lies within Georgy herself. Georgy turns to the world she understands. She has a lot of love to give so she gives it to another woman's baby, but to keep the baby she needs a husband so she agrees to marry the recently widowed James Mason. Only Georgy Girl could turn a lugubrious situation into one of self-invented happiness. Only Georgy Girl could face any situation by saying, "God always has a custard pie up his sleeve."

An exact classification or evaluation of a movie like *Georgy Girl* is almost impossible, but the skill with which Lynn Redgrave handled her part cannot be questioned. We can most assuredly look forward to seeing more of this new actress who made a "second banana" of James Mason. Compliments of



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#### PAPER LION

If there was ever a book which gave acute and sensitive insight into professional football, it would have to be *Paper Lion* by George Plimpton. Having read only a few books on professional sports (including several concerning professional football), I realize that I am not eminently qualified to expound profusely on the subject of "greatness in books about pro football." But, this relatively new book is one which is deserving of quite a little praise.

Plimpton, in writing about his own experience, probably fulfilled a boyhood dream, or rather many boys' boyhood dreams; he played quarterback for the Detroit Lions at their summer training camp in 1963. "A first-string writer playing last-string quarterback" as it is billed on the cover of the book. And that is exactly what the situation was . . .

"One lap, calisthenics, twenty sprints, and then separate into groups . . ."-George Wilson, head coach of the Lions giving instructions before practice. Yes, George Plimpton, graduate of Harvard, aged 34, height 6 ft. 4 in., weight 195 pounds went through the practices, the meetings, and every skull session. There is more though; the informal chats with the players, both veterans and rookies alike, the wild parties, the hell-raising, and the friendships. All this is what Plimpton, editor of Paris Weekly, and free-lance writer, found upon his entry into the Detroit Lions fraternal society. This is what the reader finds, too, while reading this book-warmth, humor, and an occasional seriousness.

It is a good book for anyone of any age. The vicarious experience is exhilirating, the writing able, and the insight incomparable, in my opinion.

By Shaun Harrington, '67

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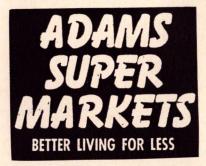
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Susan Connors

#### STOP!! PLEASE!!

bearded man ignoring all pleas shabby steeds racing, racing nowhere faster, faster up down 'round 'round down up 'round 'round up down 'round 'round om-pah-pah

by judy quillard, '68

A twirling, whirling, Noisy, dizzy, Gay and merry Carnival ride—

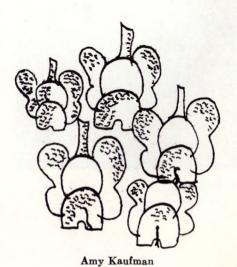
Ride the merry-go-round.

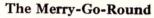
The smiling, loving Parents watch Their children flying by, Who promptly ask for another ride On the merry-go-round.

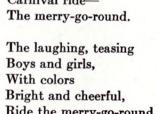
By Laura Leon, '69



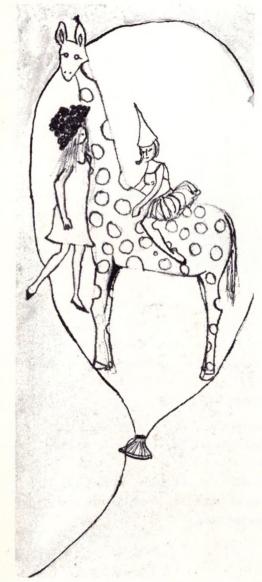
Barbara Berson

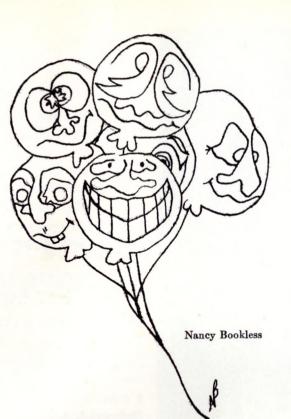












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Hawkers and signs That try to design One's spending of time And a Dime Will go far For a ten foot cigar Or to see a fat lady Of 300 pounds Who sits by a clown With a frown Which when turned upside down Appears on the faces of people around

By Karen Downey, '68







#### House of Mirrors

He enters the dark corridor and stops, Whistling and glancing he follows the wall:

He steps into the starry light, he stands. Erect and intelligent, well dressed,

A hat shelters his head; a cane, quite

Shoes protect his feet from the drafty boards;

A suit, a shirt, a tie—a pearl tie tack Very fine. Silk stockings, so civilized.

Turning, the mirrored gauntlet refracts

First, a rough mirror, he strides to it now-

A stooping figure, crude; laughing at him Distasteful. A burnished mirror—proud warrior,

Muscular; copper shield. He moves

Grand statesman, purple robes against bright glass.

Another; small, yellow, black-haired man bows:

Simple. A wide mirror looms, dusty glass Shadows dance, pointing at him, leaping

He turns and gazes at a hall of mirrors, A motley churl hauling wood; he goes on. Every mirror larger, all are dim and deep Fat kings fighting in strange iron cages, Black men building huts of grass and of mud.

He walks on slowly tapping his cane

On the wooden and gilt frames; checking his watch

Terri Metropole

#### MAY 1967

And rasps the golden chain. Clicking his heels,

Hearing the echo from the mirrored hall Staring at russet-cheeked children, parents.

Waifs and priests, princes and peasants; black, yellow, white.

Myriads, mirrors and processions of light Stretching and awing down the calm hallway.

An inventor works with his tools and smiles:

Doctors hunch and peer over linen mounds,

The wicked leer demoniacally.

Soft, velvet meadows under peaceful skies

Grav castles haunting craggy, windswept heights

Endless faces in love and hate and fear; Standing in the mirrors silent and bleak.

Multitudes of costume; coarse and tattered.

Soft, elegant and finely woven garb Clothing a million and one different ages Faded, though. And gone far beyond all time.

Reflecting and mocking and staring back-

And now, he stands at the corridors end Before the final mirror; faceted

Infinite glass, glimmering; faces

All the faces looking back in the light,

But he wonders and watches, checking the time

Warming his hands at the flickering fire; Primeval fire. And sees all the faces.

Bu Rob Robinson, '69

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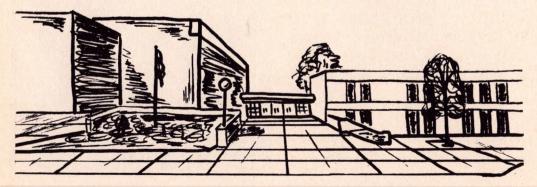
By Mary Blagdon, '68

The Class of 1968, it appears will be the last large class to graduate as a unit from Pittsfield High School. In September, 1968, the new high school in Pittsfield, as yet nameless, will be opened and the enrollment of public high school students will be split. The student bodies of these two high schools will operate separately and will oppose each other in sports, debating, and other interscholastic competitions.

The new high school will have an academic program similar to the one now in use at P.H.S., with the required English, mathematics and languages. The commercial curriculum will be the same also at both schools. The vocational curriculum, however, will be almost entirely contained within the new school, with the exception of the data processing, retail sales and homemaking courses, which will continue at P.H.S. The increased space and improved facilities at the new school will allow more extensive courses in electronics and practical nursing to be conducted. The capacity at the new school will be approximately 625 vocational students and 625 academic, with the present high school building limited to 1400 academic students.

Many changes will occur at old Pittsfield High when the new school is finished. The double sessions will be dropped, and a portion of the teaching staff will transfer to the new school according to the subject that they teach. Renovations will be made to reconvert the west wing of the first floor into study halls and to convert the vocational shops into classrooms or storage space. Cafeteria and auditorium studies will disappear and a regular lunch schedule will be drawn up to replace the threeperiod stretch of last year. This new high school will help to relieve the overcrowded situation that presently exists at PHS but even this effort will not remedy the entire situation. The School Committee has predicted that the new high school will be overcrowded almost from the day it opens and that, in 1975, there will be needed a new addition to the building to house 200 more students.

The senior class of 1969 will also find



Maria Gasbarronne

adjusting to the new situation difficult. They will have spent two years as a class in one building and then they must separate to form different graduating classes. The new school, they will discover, has no traditions as P.H.S. does. School institutions, such as Student's Pen, In General, and the P.H.S. Generals teams at Pittsfield High must be developed, and activities like Cadettes and cheerleading must be adapted to suit their new school.

Many of the stages that the educational system of the city of Pittsfield has gone through have been trying. Two double session plans and severe overcrowding in the last ten years have presented difficult situations for the administration, the teachers, and the students. The construction of the new high school will alleviate some of this difficulty and, we hope, strengthen the academic foundations for the future administration of the city of Pittsfield.

## Opinion Poll— Double Sessions in Retrospect

Conducted by Debbi Greengold and Sue Pomerantz

When double sessions were instituted this year, it was believed that they would alleviate the overcrowded conditions, and thus improve the quality of education at Pittsfield High School. After almost a year under this system, what effect do you feel it has produced?

"We're not getting enough class time. Forty minutes per class is too short, and three minutes is not enough time to get from the basement to the third floor."

Ann Hill

"I don't think double-sessions reduces our education. Having shorter classes doesn't affect us that much because we're not going to learn too much more in ten additional minutes anyway."

Mary Solera

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Gail Lefkowitz

"The teachers are going faster so we don't learn as much. We have to grasp things faster too because they don't have enough time to really explain the subject matter."

Norm Sossin

"Double-sessions take away from your learning. I found that one can learn more on regular sessions, and that the homework now is much heavier. Besides, I hate getting up so early." Mike Pedroza

"I don't think we're missing out on much. Forty minutes seems to be plenty of time. My teachers finish their material completely without rushing, and the homework situation is about the same. Personally, I happen to like double-sessions."

Judy Powers

"The day seems to go by so much faster that my mind doesn't get a chance to wander because of a dragged out period."

Sue Pomerantz

"The ratification of the double-sessions program means that more time has been made available, but that an unrealistic situation has developed for the average student. Generally they feel that with more time, it is permissible to procrastinate and their time schedule is thrown completely out of focus. Homework is neglected, sleep is ignored."

Rick Smith

"I think they're a little bit stifling because the periods are so much shorter. It's also harder on the teachers because some of them have to teach both in the morning and afternoon."

Bob Sweeny

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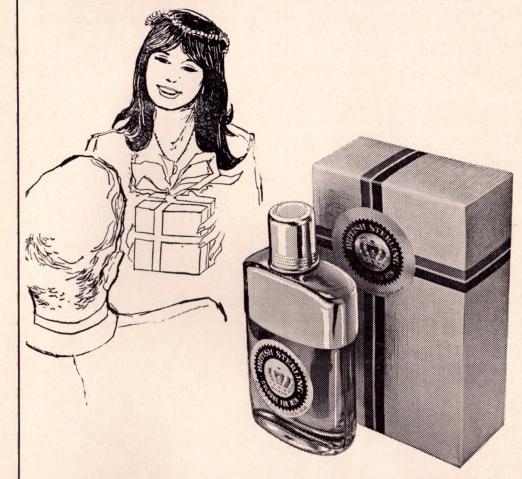
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# SPORTS

### Pittsfield High's Most Faithful Fan

By Mike O'Brien, '67

If anyone ever talks about someone possessing a great amount of school spirit, no student will ever be able to compare with the amount that our school principal, Mr. Harold E. Hennessy, has.

Mr. Hennessy is present at almost every one of Pittsfield High's athletic events. However, this is not just a recent trend. Mr. Hennessy had reserved seats for himself and his wife back when the basketball games were played at State Armory on Summer Street. These seats were used during every game.

His attendance at football games has become a habit. This also includes following the team to White Plains during the Thanksgiving vacation. Hockey season found him at the Boys' Club in every home contest, and his appearance in Springfield at the Coliseum was not unusual. An avid baseball fan, Mr. Hennessy was constantly found at Clapp Park and last year followed the team to Springfield for the Western Massachusetts Tourney, and the state tournament game.

However, there are many sides of Mr. Hennessy's spirit that are unknown. Not many know of the special favors he has given to us while here at Pittsfield High. It was he who took the cheerleaders to the out of town basketball games this year. It was he who called the Chief of Police to request permission for the outdoor bonfire rally. It was he who gave us five rallies this year despite the double session problem. It was he who was given a rousing cheer in the locker room of the



hockey team when they won their title in Springfield.

These are but a few of the "out of the way" favors Mr. Hennessy has performed. His faithfulness and devotion toward athletics has brought him closer to the nearly three thousand students at our school and it will be a long time before anyone is able to top him.

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#### Our New Varsity Cheerleaders

After a few drastic alterations the J.V. cheerleaders are ready to move into their senior sisters' saddle shoes and ankle socks to become the varsity squad for 1967-1968. Captained by Kathy Frahm, they will be our fervid representatives of school spirit and that unconquerable, P.H.S. will-to-win.

Leading the squad is vivacious Kathy Frahm. Although cheerleading takes up most of her time, Kathy manages to do well in both Math and English Honors. She is a member of the Pep Club, G.A.A., and Student's Pen Girls' Sports staff. She has recently been appointed cochairman of the Junior Prom.

Enrolled in a C.P. course, Gale Lefkowitz is a member of the Pep Club, G.A.A., and is second captain of the varsity squad. Gale plans to attend college but at the present has no specific plans as to which one.

A cheer in Spanish anyone? That's what Janice Carnivale might be yelling

in a few years. She hopes to teach Spanish after graduating from Westfield State Teachers' College. At present Janice belongs to the Pep Club and G.A.A., and is co-chairman of the Ring Committee. In her spare time(?) she enjoys swimming and skiing.

Nancy Curley, an active and spirited junior, is another member of the squad. The Pep Club, G.A.A., and cheerleading practices keep her quite busy. She was elected co-chairman of the Current Events Committee of her class and is also the co-editor of the Advertising Staff of the *In General*.

Toni Jo Blewitt has many activities both in and out of school which occupy her time. She has been on the staffs of the In General and The Students' Pen, and is a member of G.A.A. and the Pep Club. In addition, Toni Jo is enrolled in the Honors English course. Her outside activities include being a member of the Mt. Carmel Sorority, and of the Bobby Kidney Sunshine Club.



Gale Lefkowitz, Janice Carnivale, Nancy Curley, Kathy Frahm, Toni Jo Blewitt, Debbie Klemansky, Barb Sheinhouse, Joyce Cadorette. *Absent*—Gerry Conklin.

Since she is a cheerleader, Debbie Klemansky naturally enjoys almost any sport, indoors and outside. Debbie is a member of the G.A.A. as well as the Pep Club. Currently enrolled in the C.P. course, she would like to attend the University of Massachusetts after graduation to become an airline stewardess.

Another of the new varsity cheerleaders is Barbara Sheinhouse, Barb, a C.P. student, is a member of the Pep Club, G.A.A., and the subscription and poetry staffs of the Students' Pen. Beside her school activities she finds time to be active in her church fellowship M.Y.F. and to tutor underprivileged children one afternoon a week.

Gerry Conklin, the newest member of the squad, shows her enthusiastic school spirit as a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. She is enrolled in the C.P. curriculum and plans to pursue a career in the business field upon graduation.

As a J.V. cheerleader, Joyce Cadorette does much to promote school spirit. She is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. Very active in class activities, Joyce is a homeroom representative and a member of the junior class council and junior election committee. Although very busy, Joyce, a college prep student, manages to maintain Credit List marks.

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#### Headlines Five Years From Now

Tony Gibson wins A.F.L. rookie-ofthe-year honor . . . Gene Kraav the hope of the U. S. Olympic Track Team . . . Craig Leslie takes over for Mark Belanger as short stop for the Baltimore Orioles . . . Tom Barry boots record 70-yard field goal for the Giants . . . Jim Whitfield wins N. C. A. A. heavyweight wrestling crown . . . Coach Pellerin named new manager of the Yankees . . . Jim Latimer wins FIS jumping title in Switzerland . . . Mike Caritey's goal wins Stanley Cup Playoffs for Black Hawks . . . Paul Andrew leads U. S. to soccer victory over England.

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#### Gene Kraay: Performer of the Year

As a co-captain in two sports and an outstanding star in three, Gene Kraav has proved, in the eyes of The Pen, to be the best athlete of the 1966-67 sports season at Pittsfield High School.

On last fall's soccer squad, co-captain Kraay, with his speedy reflexes and coordination, proved invaluable at the cornerstone position of goalie. He salvaged many a game with his sterling saves, and through his qualities of leadership and inspiration, saved many more.

Even before he hung up his soccer spikes for the season, Gene had been working out with the basketball team. The work paid off and Gene, who was tops in rebounds with 174 in eleven games, and second in scoring with 150 points in twelve games, helped to lead the basketball generals to the Western Massachusetts Tournament.

Rumor has it that Gene has been spending considerable time running around with a rather odd looking object. To the uninitiated, it could be a short skinny flagpole or a long pencil. But Gene knows it to be a vaulting pole, and the P.H.S. track team, of which he is a co-captain, hopes he will rise to new heights with it. Last year his personal record was 11 feet 6 inches, topped only by his brother Tom, who vaulted 12 feet 2 inches. This year Gene is aiming at no less than 13 feet, which would put him in excellent position to win every meet in which he competes.

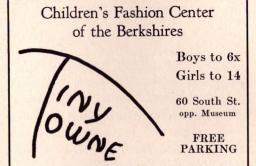
Outstanding athlete though he may be, Gene also excels in the classroom. He is in advanced placement chemistry, and fills out his schedule with four difficult level one courses.

Pittsfield High School can boast of few students who are as personable. gifted, and well liked as Gene Kraav, and this staff wishes him the best of luck.

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# **FEATURES**

Memories, Memories, Memories . . .

The senior class will soon be graduating and will leave behind them many memories of their three years here. When asked what would be their unforgettable experience, the following had this to say: Lorraine Sage—falling down the southeast stairs.

Leo Gleason—doing the teachers' registers

King Barbalunga—bluffing Miss Curtin Karen Padget—the wild social life

Barb Hopf—wiggling her eyeballs that bothered Miss Tierney

Karen Pemrick—Mr. Voci's famous saying, "Less yap, more tap"

John Hebert—Having fun, fun, fun, trouble, detention, fun.

And none of us could ever forget

The fragrant odor on the third floor on the day of the sulphur experiments.

Dropping a lunch tray in the cafeteria. Forgetting there isn't a fourth floor and ending up in the dome.

Climbing from the gym to the third floor after finishing running the ten-mile stretch in order to "Get in Shape."

Walking through the unavoidable checkout lines. (the girls')

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#### Top Ten

Here is the WPHS "hot line," the ten most popular hits and whom they are sung by:

- 1. Jimmy Back by the girls Curls left behind
- 2. I Think We're Alone Now by the smokers in the girls' room
- 3. At The Zoo by the sixth period study teachers
- 4. There's A Kind Of Hush by the sixth period study teachers after Mr. Hennessy enters
- 5. Tell It Like It Is by Miss Cummings and Mr. McKenna
- 6. Out In Left Field by the baseball team
- 7. Sock It To Me Baby by the soccer team
- 8. Friday On My Mind by the student body
- 9. Don't You Care by the Guidance Department
- 10. This Is Dedicated To The One I Love by the Seniors to Mr. Herrick

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#### The Interview

I am sure that most of the seniors have encountered the fatal step in applying to college—the interview. Since the juniors will soon be going through this nerve-racking experience, I will give the general procedure along with some good advice.

- 1. Have your parents accompany you, not for their benefit but yours. You'll need the moral support.
- 2. Bring your own comic books. You will have to wait in a dentist-type waiting room before the D.A. (Dean of Admissions) will see you and usually their literature is an assortment of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The Saturday Review*—nothing any college bound student would be interested in.
- 3. Finally the waiting is over and you must enter "the room." By all means be cool, calm, and collected.
- 4. Upon entering, smile, utter a humble greeting, and sit down before you collapse.
- 5. For the first few minutes the conversation will be very trivial, but whatever you do, don't let your guard down and become too relaxed.
- 6. Finally the D.A. gets down to business by asking such questions as, "What do you feel is your greatest asset?" or "What achievements have you made to better the world you live in?"
- 7. The interview is over and the D.A. tells you that an interview does not in any way help you in being accepted to college. All he really cares about are your grades and college board scores. At this point you may cry since your one and only talent—bluffing—is useless.

#### Casey's Column

Time is on our side; June is coming along, and soon the P.H.S. mall will echo(?) the familiar lines of "Guardian Elm Trees"—sure hope they're not all cut down before then—and the class of '67 will depart from these hallowed, but lately water-soaked, halls. This year has marked many changes in the lives of P.H.S. students . . . Take Tom, for one, who has become the Romeo of the class of '67 . . . and, while Chris doesn't believe that blondes have more fun, Barb has found out they do . . . Alane and Donne have certainly changed since their old days at the beach together . . .

You won't believe this, but one Friday night there were five senior girls seen bowing on their knees in front of P.H.S. Those weekends can really get to you after a while, right Pat? . . . Cris Locke's thoughts have been Farr away from homework lately . . . Baseball season is here so Helen will be looking for a new prospect . . . "650 Man" Jim Curley will really have the girls after him now. Maybe he'll have to handle two proms this year . . . Boys, if you wear English Leather you had better stock up before a certain senior girl buys out all the stores. How about it, Kip? . . . When Tommy Rilla chases after a girl, he really falls for her—on North Street! . . . Michelle, what's the matter, don't you like school? . . . Yes, Maryrose has quite the unique friendship going on! . . .

Many people wonder if there is any sure way to have a good summer and still stay out of Casey's Column next fall. My advice is this: Don't do anything Casey wouldn't do. For example, leave your car doors unlocked at the drive-ins and—to the junior girls especially—don't wear your saddleshoes on North Street. Better yet, don't wear them at all! I'll see you in September.

Sean O'Casey

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# WHO'S WHO

#### DONNE MARCHETTO

Donne Marchetto can best be pictured as either attending a student government meeting or as swimming in the Boys' Club pool, for this active senior is a vital part of each group. He was vice-president of the Junior Class, and is the current vice-president of the Student Council. A member of the track team, Donne is better known for his swimming ability, being the co-captain of the P.H.S. Swim Team and the State and New England breast stroke champ. Now taking A.P. Biology, he would like to study medicine in the coming years.

#### KIM DOUGLAS

Kim Douglas, the recent winner of the Regional Career Key Scholarship sponsored by *The Reader's Digest* and the Girls' Clubs of America, has long been active in both outside and school interests. A senior member of the Cadettes, she has also worked on the Yearbook, *The Student's Pen*, and the Cap and Gown Committee. Her quality of leadership has served Kim well as past president of her Youth Group and as the current vice-president of the Leaders' Club. Kim, now taking A.P. Biology, would like to continue her career in that field.



#### GENE KRAAY

A senior with his own fan club, Gene Kraay is one of our most active sportsmen. Gene, or "Geno," as he is most often called, was co-captain of the soccer team, a valuable and very capable starter on the basketball team, and is currently the co-captain of our track team. Naturally kept busy in constant training, Gene nevertheless succeeds in keeping his studies up, taking the C.P. course with A.P. Chemistry. His well rounded school life has earned him acceptance at Notre Dame. Geno's goal however, is to attend the Air Force Academy, and, if he keeps up his previous pace, he's sure to make it.





#### PAT KOWALLCZYK

One of the best known and certainly most welcome smiles belongs to senior Pat Kowallczyk. Her vitality not only shows in her personality but also in her various school activities. Naturally athletic, Pat has shown her ability in practically every girl's sport offered. Her enthusiasm has also earned Pat the honor of being an officer on the G.A.A. board and the position of co-editor of Girls' Sports on *The Student's Pen*. Her future plans include college and a teaching career. A popular girl, Pat has added much to the High School during her three years here.



#### KAREN AST

A few days after her graduation Karen Ast will be on her way to Aachen, Germany for a six week stay with a German family. Sponsored by the Massachusetts Teachers of German, the trip will naturally center around the study of Germany's language and customs. To finance this venture, Karen works as church organist and choir-conductor. Even with this responsibility, she is active in school as the photographer and co-editor of Activities on the *Dome*. We at P.H.S. would like to say Good Luck and auf wiedersehen to a deserving girl.

#### **BOB SWEENY**

At P.H.S. Bob Sweeny is as much a part of the Art Room as are any art media. He is unmistakably an artist, either out gathering material as art coeditor of the *Dome* and *Student's Pen*, or while busy decorating the gym for one of our Proms. He even managed to dress up the lobby—remember the new "mod" Christmas decorations? Bob further shows his capabilities as a member of the Writers' and Illustrators' Club. He will attend the Rhode Island School of Design next year, and with a personality as great as his artistic talent, his future looks good.





# LANGUAGES

#### Les Fleurs sont Mortes

Avant la guerre quand je le connaissais Il n'etait pas encore homme Sa vie, s'il avait vecu, aurait ete bonne

Pleine d'amour

Pas de mort.

Mais il y a une guerre dans le monde Maintenant je peux voir ce garcon devenu homme

Sa vie, une autre vie, sera meilleure Pas de guerre

Pleine d'amout.

Il vivait comme une fleur Et il vit dans mon coeur.

By Arlene Talcove, '67

#### **Une Pensee Passante**

Tournant les pages d'un livre J'ai remarque un cimetiere Dont les ombres et les murs fonces M'ont fait arreter.

J'y ai reflechi un moment Comme souvent la mort nous le fait faire Mais je sais que je vis, moi-meme Donc, je n'y ai plus pense.

By Karen Coy, '68

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#### Le Rendez-vous

Le silence dans le cimetiere Oppressif

Tu as marche dans l'herbe Fraiche

Froide

Verte

J'ai attendu

Patiemment

C'etait notre rendez-vous

L'obscurite dans le cimetiere Tranquille

Tu es sorti de l'herbe

Fraiche

Froide

Verte

J'ai veille

Affectueusement

C'etait notre rendez-vous

Le silence absolu du cimetiere Oppressif

Tu ne marche plus sur l'herbe

Morte

Dessechee

Brune

J'attends

Patiemment

Mais, tu ne reviens pas a notre rendezvous.

By Chris Stoklosa, '67

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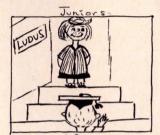
Court House LENOX, MASS.

### FELTCITAS EST

Seniors







Felicitas est fiéri summa "banana"



dies ad gradum= graduation day summa" fanana" = Ep banana nivis casus = snowstorm proximae Kalendae Octobres = next October first.

Félicitas est proximae Kalendae Octobres.

Puppy Carines

By Anne Wetzel

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